

Governor Brown dedicated this pretty Rhode Island state building at 100 Ochlocknee the presence of his staff, a goodly company of the citizens of that state and a number to members of Chicago society of Sons of Rhode Island. "Little Italy" is the state building on the grounds that is landscaped, is complete and ready, expects, for a little embellishment, for reception of Rhode Island visitors to the state and their friends.

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

THE OLD WORLD.

THE FIRST LETTER OF A SERIES
BY EX-SENATOR NGALLS.

Observations and Impressions of the Most
Famous Cathedral of Europe—The
Famous St. Peter's—England's Temple of
Fame—Westminster Abbey.

Copyright, 1892, by Bachelor & Johnson.
After St. Peter's Rome all other
churches and cathedrals are disappointing.
To be able to appreciate them
properly it should be seen last. By its
incomparable and unapproachable
majesty and splendor it dwarfs all other
ecclesiastical structures, as Mont Blanc
dwarfs the subordinate Alps and
Niagara renders the cataraacts insignifi-
cant. The exterior is not remarkable,
except for mass and dimensions. It is
approached through a long and square
courtyard of narrow streets, a narrow
alley with the wicket, discordant shrill of ven-
dors of waffles, fruit and beverages
and redolent with the odors of sur-
reptilian cook shops, the principal ingredi-
ents of whose menu appear to be onions
that would bring tears to the eyes of an
Egyptian quamy and goat's milk cheese
that is fouler and more robust than
limburger.

It was a blazing, blinding noon in mid-
summer when I first approached the con-
secrated edifice and sat upon the base of
the second column to the left of the en-
trance to the piazza. Small white clouds
floated the caressing blue above the great
leaves, colored, some two vast curving
colonnades, with many hundred columns
in pairs, apparently about fifty feet high,
and crowned with a procession of rusty,
ancient, discoloring marble eagles of saints,
enclosed, a court yard of twenty acres,
paved with small square blocks of granite,
sloping on all sides for drainage to
the center, where stood the obelisk of
Caligula, flanked by two noble fountains
and from which paths of white stone
radiated to the circumference. Greasy,
ragged beggars were sleeping prone on
the pavement in the shade. Women in
raiment of gaudy calico sat knitting and
gossiping with the drivers of the one
horse carriages that were craning up out
of the sun waiting for victims. The
grayish yellow limestone of the columns
and the portico was discolored, weather-
stained and corroded by time. Pigeons
huttered, cooing about the lofty cornices,
and two high bred, scholarly priests with
broad primed hats and long black
coats entered the portico. Followed
them, anticipating a car and dingy in-
terior with a dim glow from stained
glass oriel's illuminating the dusky
gloom. Crossing the vast portico being
the facade, with heroic statues of Con-
stantine and Charlemagne at either end,
and passing through the screen of the
great portico, a spectacle greets the vision
of the beholder which will not be sur-
passed till he witnesses the glory of the
house not made with hands, eternal in
the heavens.

WHERE GENIUS DID ITS BEST.
From the threshold to the brown statue
of St. Peter enthroned beneath the
golden glory of the dome, the distance is
nearly as great as the entire length of
the Capitol at Washington from north
to south, and the width two-thirds as
much. Conceive that building enlarged
to these proportions, with all its interior
variations removed, so as to form one
apartment, its ceiling a hundred and
fifty feet in height, supported by enor-
mous columns of polished and many-
colored marble; then intersecting arches
pierced for comes, with brilliantly gilded
vaults, grouped about the central dome
that rises nearly as high as the Wash-
ington monument, and a faint idea will
be obtained of the dimensions of this
stupendous room, upon which the su-
preme architects of the world exhausted
the resources of their genius for nearly
two hundred years, and expended more
than \$60,000,000.

It was completed 250 years ago, but it
is as perfect and radiant as if Raphael
and Michael Angelo had bestowed the
last touches of their chisel and pencil
upon its incomparable statues and pil-
ars and mosaics yesterday. A flood of
light from many windows at the base of
the dome, the remotest recesses of the
enormous sanctuary, revealing every
detail of artistic decoration from the
ever marbles of the tessellated floor to
the gorgeous cartoons in mosaic upon
the walls, the splendor of thirty altars
and the tombs and chapels of a name-
less multitude of buried popes and
kings. Beneath a canopy of gilded
bronze, in the midst an open cypress, sur-
rounded by many lamps, whose flame is
never extinguished, encloses the tomb of
St. Peter, to which a flight of marble
steps descends, at whose foot is a ideal-
ing statue of a sainted pontiff.

In whatever creed he may have been
taught, or whatever traditions he may
revere, no one can stand at that gate
without reverence for the faith, whether
false or true, that for so many centuries
has given directions to the currents of
history and inspired the devotion of so
large a portion of the human race. And
yet even in this stupendous temple there
are two objects that provoke a wholly
sacred smile. One is the black foot
of the edifice of the apostle sitting in his
chair, breast high against one of the cen-
tral columns, whose toes have almost en-
tirely disappeared from the carved oscu-
lations of the worshippers. The other is
a sepulchral group in which the artist
has sculptured a nude, recumbent, fe-

male figure of such exclusive loveliness
of figure and features that it became a
sarcophagus for the devotees of artistic beauty.
Considering this workship to be incon-
sistent with the purpose for which the
monument was reared, a subsequent
pope had the offending statue covered
with a chemise of white iron,
painted white, from the neck to the
ankles. But, notwithstanding the metal
to chafery, enough of surface and con-
tour remains exposed to show that the
modest prelate was justified in resorting
to an expedient that in less sacred pre-
cincts would have savored of superstitious
prudence.

MORE GORGEOUS THAN SUNRISE.

The magnificent Gothic character of
white marble at Milan is more remark-
able for its exterior than for its interior,
though this is surpassed in extent only
by St. Peter's and the cathedral at Seville
in Spain. When the vision is acute,
looked to its dim, religious light, the
lofty arches, the finials of its soaring
ceiling, supported by gigantic monoliths,
the innumerable niches thronged with
saints in stone, the enormous spaces of
stained glass, richer than the rainbow
and more gorgeous than sunrise or sunset,
are very majestic and impressive.
But the exterior appears incredible and
marvelous. It is broad, for its height
and has no massive, dominating towers.
The apex of white marble of which it
is built are unusual, small, narrow and
thin, but every arch and column and
finial and cornice is covered with innum-
erable beads and faces and figures,
some grotesque and some romantic, be-
wildering a gaze from their multitude,
their variety and their artistic excel-
lence.

The roof is formed of broad bands of
marble joined with lead, a vast level
pavement among the wilderness of tur-
rets, spires and pinnacles that at a dis-
tance produce the effect of the masts of
ships in a harbor, each crowned with a
life-size marble statue. The last census
of the silent inhabitants of these giddy
and fragile heights enumerates above
two thousand, and among them Napo-
leon, who after the conquest of Italy and
some four hundred removed from the aerial
congregation and himself substituted in
the costume of a Roman emperor.

In the midst of this forest, rises a cen-
tral spire 300 steps above the arcade,
a slender stem like a lily's stalk, with room
only for a spiral stairway so narrow that
two cannot pass.

The ascent is a gyrion. The voyager
in a balloon has the vast bulk of his
sphere between himself and the firmam-
ent, but the spectator in the cathedral
has no visible support beneath
and nothing above but the limitable
sky. As he looks far below upon the
confused roofs and comes of Milan upon
the islands and forests and viages of the
populous and fertile plains of Lombardy
and the snow-plastered purple of the
Aps and Apennines he will experience
sensations that are not likely to be cu-
pied on this planet.

UNRIVALED SYMMETRY.

The Cathedral of Santa Maria del
Fiore at Florence is singular from the
white, black, red and green marble sup-
ported in the construction of its walls.
The vast breadth and simplicity of its
interior is enriched with many artistic
frescoes, mosaics, bronzes and imposing
tombs. But it is distinguished among
all the great churches of Europe by the
superb campanile or bell tower of Giotto,
detached from the main structure, rising
300 feet in four stories of unvaried sym-
metry and grace ornamented with
traceries, reliefs and carvings about the
bell courses and the arches of the open-
ings of great richness and delicacy. Di-
agonal y opposite to the baptistry, a dingy
and dismal octagon, celebrated for the
bronze doors of Ghiberti, casts of
which are seen in every great art collec-
tion and which Michael Angelo enu-
gized by declaring that they were beau-
tiful enough to be the gates of Paradise.
They are dirty, faded and neglected
enough now to be the gates of the inferno.

The Cathedral of St. Mark was built
when Venice was the New York of Eu-
rope and the richest city in the world.

Its opulent and princely merchants
scattered their treasures with baroque
magnificence, summoning, as if by in-
cantation, from the enchanted islands of
the Adriatic an architectural dream in
marble, like the baseless fabric of Pros-
pero's vision, that remains, at the
tragedies and vicissitudes of a thousand
years, the most pathetic and splendid
reminiscence of history. An irresistible
fascination, to which poetry can give no
adequate expression, which criticism and
philosophy cannot analyze, nor any art
define, suggests the colossal nature of its
subtle and mysterious spell.

The cathedral does not, nor does the
Christian edifice, seem like a pagan
temple for the worship of some Oriental
deity.

It is low, broad, flat, is still more
expressed by the five shallow domes
that crown its roof. The bold and
spirited group of horses in gilded copper
that rear above the entrance have no
spiritual significance and the golden
mosaics that glitter and burn in area
and roof and vault with imperishable
lustre are tributes rather to the genius
of man than to the glory of God. The
insultable sea is insouciantly destroying
its foundations, and the worn, uneven
pavement is sinking into the mire and
ooze of the lagoon, but the centuries
cannot dim nor tarnish the so noble a
group of those immortal cartoons whose sur-
face is like an incrustation of gems upon
a golden firmament.

ENGLAND'S WATKINIA.

No American of English blood can ap-
proach Westminster Abbey without rever-
ence and awe. Its extreme antiquity, its
historical associations as the place where
so many sovereigns have been crowned,
and interred, and as the sepulchre of
England's warriors, statesmen, poets,
philosophers, orators and divines, render
it unique and unapproachable in interest
among the buildings of the earth.

Westminster is England's Watkinia,
her temple of fame, indisputably asso-
ciated with the greatest achievements and
triumphs of English history, litera-
ture, art and civilization. Were it not
for its memories, its most noble and its
treasures, the abbot would not excite
supreme enthusiasm. This is far less im-
pressive than St. Paul's. Its gray and
corroded walls have a venerable majesty,
and viewed from the side it wears a for-
midable and somber aspect, but it is
unfortunately situated upon a depressed
site, and surrounded by inferior build-
ings that mask and obscure its glories.
The neighborhood is the gingerbread
and millinery architecture of the houses
of parliament is a disadvantage and
testament to poor. The incongruity is
as confusing and bewildering as the
transition from the din and roar and
tumult of Victoria street to the tranqu-
lity of the Dean's yard on the south
side of the abbey, with its peaceful and
monastic seclusion, or to the chamber of
the six whose double doors are still
covered inside with human skins.

Though its early history is lost in tradi-
tion and William the Conqueror was
crowned within its walls, the unfinished
towers were not completed till the sixteenth
century, the building had been so
changed, altered and restored that it
must be regarded as a growth rather
than a construction. The Chapel of
Henry VII. was restored in 1801, the
Chantry House in 1835, and the North
Transept was only completed in 1851
from designs by a living architect. Not-
withstanding the changes and mod-
ern additions, the general effect is one
of extreme antiquity, though this is not
strange, for every thing outside in Lon-
don. The corroding smoke and the per-
petual humidity change all colors to
gray and obliterate the sharp, clear out-
lines of the sculptor's chisel.

The interior is impossible more gloomy
and dingy than the exterior. The vast
columns of stone have the complexion
of pig iron and are roughly scaled and
lashed as if with rust. Only crumbling
vestiges of ornamented traceries remain
upon many of the graceful capitals and
on the corbels of the arches and the
cups and mutations of the pointed win-
dows, while from some of the recumbent
effigies upon the most ancient tombs the
features have almost disappeared.

GREATEST MAUSOLEUM OF THE HUMAN
RACE.

It is perhaps not an exaggeration to
say that a stranger visiting Westminster
Abbey for the first time, with no pre-
vious knowledge of its history or design,
would not suppose that it was a temple
erected for the worship of the Supreme
Being. It is crowded with such a con-
fused and heterogeneous throng of
busts, statues, monuments, sarcophagi,
memorials, effigies and graves in wall
and pavement, allegories and meta-
morphoses, inscriptions, epitaphs and grave images
—some absurd, others profane and many
irrelevant and unbecoming—that the first
impression is not unlike that produced
by the miscellaneous collections in the
gallery of a museum or Yma Tussac's
waxworks, except that there is no
chamber of horrors. Despoiled and
profligate monarchs and their illegiti-
mate offspring, military and naval
heroes, dissolute women and infants
overlaid by their nurses, inventors, phi-
lologists, historians, lawyers, poets
and philosophers, orators, politicians and
statesmen, musicians, schoolmasters and
artists, editors, novelists, actors, ergo-
men, antiquarians, travelers, scientists,
physicians, brewers, biologists, chamber-
lains, usurers, carvers in ordinary, the
eighteen children of Queen Anne who
all died stillborn or in infancy, and
Thomas Parr, who lived in the reigns of
two princes and died at 152, all indis-
criminately assembled in the democracy
of the grave, without sequence or time,
rank or dignity so that the attention is
bewildered and the mind confounded by
the multiplicity and disorder of the
voiceless inhabitants of this greatest
mausoleum of the human race.

It is said that there is room for but
two more interments in the consecrated
ground, and that this is reserved for the
two most illustrious living representa-
tives of literature and statesmanship.
Every one is familiar with descriptions and
photographs with that part of the south
transept, popularly known as "Poet's
Corner," opposite "St. Simon's Porch,"
through which the abbey is entered.

Presented aside from its sentimental in-
terest, the most imposing and character-
istic perspective of the vast interior.
From all points of view the visitor ends
in mysterious gloom, which the light
cannot penetrate. The nave, with its
repeated columns and arches and sur-
lime elevation, is inspiring, but it can
be comprehended.

In the "Poet's Corner" everything is
so to the imagination. To be mathe-
matically exact, it is 52 feet long, 33 feet
wide and 105 feet high, but it seems in-
finite in space. Many of those whose
effigies appear upon the walls are
buried elsewhere. Shakespeare, who is
represented by an unworthy monument,
sleeps at Stratford, Gray at Stoke New-
ington, Keats at Rome, and Milton in
St. Giles, London.

St. Giles, London, in Temple
Churchyard. Keats, whose name
is wrongly placed on the stone, was
buried in the grave standing upright,
and has been seen since his burial
interment. Keats' low is the only
stranger in the great company, and
though his presence is an unprecedented
distinction, the noble, gracious bust ap-
pears lonely and solitary. His admission
was a mistake.

The grave of Dickens is intruded by
brass effigies, and in the gray slab that
covers his ashes, giving his name and
the cause of his birth and death. It
seems something like a desecration to
bury the dead where their graves will be
a highway for curious or reverent pil-
grims for the generations that are to
come.

A GAUDY EXCESSIVE.
The chapel of Henry VII., which is a
direct projection of the eastern ex-
tremity of the abbey, has been some-
what extravagantly called the "miracle
of the world." It is a very elaborate
decorated specimen of what is commonly
known as the "Tudor style" in English
architecture, and seems like a gaudy ex-
cessive upon the simple and severe
majesty of the rest of the building.
Henry VII. built the external roof a
gargantuan piece of stone is suspended
sixty feet above the floor, delicate in
appearance as a garland of clouds in the
firmament, and covered, like the walls,
with an exuberance of ornament, riv-
alling nature in her riotous profusion. The
chapel is a miniature palace of brass, in
which the effigies of the monarch and
his queen repose side by side, with hands
raised to heaven in an eternal supplica-
tion.

Human intervention can secure ever-
lasting felicity King Henry VII. should
be in paradise. He appointed by his
will 10,000 masses to be said for the re-
mission of his sins and the soul of his
son, 1500 to be said for the Trinity;
2500 for the five wounds of Christ; 2500
for the five joys of Our Lady; 500 for the
five orders of angels; 500 for the Par-
adise; 500 for the twelve apostles and
2500 for all Saints. He also stipulated
that three monks should say daily mass
for his soul's salvation "perpetually
while the world shall endure."

In the circumference of the nave and
aisles of the chapel are many recesses
crowded with the tombs of kings and
queens, princes and nobles, eloquent with
the inscription that all alike await the
"inevitable hour" and that the "paths
of glory lead but to the grave."

Passing from the oppressive contem-
plation of these memorials, which am-
bition, wealth and pride have reared to
escape oblivion, the shadows of the
crumbling edifices afford relief and con-
solation. The dim recess beneath a low
and sloping arch a small white statue
set into the wall bears this inscription:

IANE LESTER
Died Oct. 7, 1888.

The abbey contains no more sugges-
tive, touching and pathetic epitaphs.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Paul's Cathedral is comparatively
modern, being less than three centuries
old, and though in the vortex of the city
stands isolated upon a commanding
height, so that its vast symmetrical
domes rise above every horizon, the most
striking feature in the landscape.
Towers and spires are well enough, but
for supreme architectural effects within
and without nothing is equal to
the dome. It elevates and ennobles
the structure of which it is a part,
and seems to be a mediator between the
earth and the skies. Of course there
are domes and domes. One dome differ-
ent from another come in the glory, and
the really great domes of the world are
few, but the dome of St. Paul's is one of
them. The incomparable symmetry and
harmony of the cathedral may be due to
the fact that the whole work was de-
signed and finished by one architect, and
not piecemeal and in fragments by many.

It was built in the thirty-five years
between 1570 and 1710, under the
superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren,
with but one master mason, and one
builder of the sea for the entire period.
Sir Christopher was very appropriately
buried in the crypt beneath the church,
which is the proudest triumph of his
genius, with the singular felicitous in-
scription: "Si monumentum requiris, cir-
cumspice." "If you ask for his monu-
ment, behold it around you."

The crypt is a well lighted basement
under the entire building and serves
as an overflow from Westminster. In
the exact center, where a plummet from
the top of the cross would strike the
gilded corner upon his sarcophagus,
Nelson rests. Near by, in a colossal
tomb of porphyry, and enclosed in five columns,
sleeps Wellington. The marble on which
his remains were borne through the
streets of London on their last journey
is kept in an adjoining recess. The ar-
chitectural effect is made from cannon
captured by the great marshall and cost
\$20,000. It is a clumsy sort of a har-
nished car of allegorical and religious
the speaker of the bard, wagon of an
unsuccessful circus, run under a shed
for protection from the weather. Upon
the principal door of the cathedral is a
statue of St. Paul, in the company
of a Roman gladiator, of Joan
d'Arc, of a German regent, of Balcan,
the monarch of Germany, Frederick the
Great, who fell at New Orleans; of

Isaac Zeeber, of Sir John Moore, whose
death was commemorated by the fami-
liar lance, "No drum was heard," and
last of all, a statue of General
Gordon, with a full length recumbent
effigy of the dead warrior and an in-
scription of lofty eulogy.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

Standing by the unconscious dust of
Nelson and Wellington, the kind of
chance, reverses to the tomb of their great
antagonist, whose ambition one towered
at Trafalgar and the other at Waterloo.

The glittering cupola of the church of
the Invalides covers a vast circular
room of polished white marble, whose
floor is paved in light, falling through
stained glass like liquid gold. The ef-
ficiency, simplicity and solemnity are pro-
found. No obtrusive decoration or
ornament distracts the attention from
the conception of the purpose to
which the temple is consecrated.

In the center of the floor shines a deep
gulf, surrounded by a smooth balustrade
breast high, which is supported by
twelve columns, each with an angel
holding a wreath of victory. In the ap-
parent spaces are grouped stands of
captured battle flags. Golden rays of
glory, like the points on the card of a
compass, radiate from a crimson zone to
the circumference. Within is a circle of
aure and seen another in which is in-
scribed in Kosan the words "Rivoli,
Pyramids, Marengo, Moscow, Waga-
nan, Friedland, Austerlitz."

In the midst, upon a base of green
marble, stands the shining crag of red
granite without name, date, or inscrip-
tion, wherein repose the clay, once animat-
ed by the greatest brain and the
most potent will known among men;
the brain and will of Napoleon Bonaparte.

A FAVORABLE PERSPECTIVE.

Mr. John Botzum, the Journalist, who has
walked around the world.

Among the guests at the Antlers
here at the present time is one of more
than ordinary interest. Mr. Botzum, the
puckiest Ohio newspaper man, of
whom The Gazette has a ready made
mention, has come to town and is for
the time being the subject of much dis-
cussion. An interesting character is
this young fellow who has seen perhaps
as much of this old world as any young
man living.

Around the world on foot. Such is
the record he is making, and such is the
record he is justly entitled to. Eight
thousand miles on foot, so far, and yet
this wonderful little man is not tired.
The story is truly an interesting one.
For an hour or more a representative of
this paper enjoyed a most interesting
chat with the novel traveler. Mr. Bot-
zum was found to be clad in a heavy
cotton suit with knee trousers and a
shirt of ivory blue. He had just walked
over from Xanthou, a distance of six
miles, and was busily engaged with his
large correspondence.

Said he, as an introduction: "I have
you of my experiences during the last
two years would require hours. It is
true that I have seen a little of the world
and am traveling in a very novel way.
The part of one's traveling about the
world on foot when there are so many
more comfortable ways of traveling may
seem strange, but there is nothing
strange about it. It would be well if
more exercise in this line would be taken
by the people. One learns to find not
only health in walking but also pleasure.
When first I left my home about two
years ago on my long journey I was
with a friend and we did not go down
to business. That was in Europe. When
he returned to his American home I
found myself alone and before I could
realize what I was doing I found myself
covering from twenty-five to thirty miles
per day and greatly improving in health.
As time passed by distances appeared
shorter and I moved along much faster
and with more pleasure. During the
past three months I have more than
once surprised myself by walking from
early morning until late in the evening,
over fifty miles. My feet and limbs have
become hardened to the work. One
thing I have learned, which is of great
advantage and that is not to worry. I
honestly believe that more people die
from worry than from overwork. At
first I used to worry a great deal, but I
soon found that it was a poor paying
business, and now I go along taking life
just as it comes, and make myself at
home wherever I happen to stop, as if
it were in a king's palace, a humble cottage
or on a side pile. I am now always in
harmony with a surroundings and find
life far more pleasant. So far I have
traveled on foot 8,000 miles and I will
continue my walk until I reach my home,
which will increase the distance to about
10,000 miles. The thing that worries me
most is that of being considered by many
as a tramp. More than once have I been
refused a place to sleep or food and
water. But this only makes my experi-
ence all the more interesting."

Mr. Botzum is not only a traveler on
foot, but he is the editor and proprietor
of an interesting illustrated magazine,
which is published in Akron, O., and
contains the story of his experience and
travels, and written by himself as he
wrote along. Since the young man left
home he has traveled all over Europe,
living at times in royal palaces and again
with the poor peasants. In Venice,
Italy, he borrowed a dress suit of a
cobbler and then stood in the presence of King
Emmanuel. In Egypt he roamed about
the deserts and up the Nile river with
the Bedouins, and then for a little no-
velty he climbed to the top of one of the

largest pyramids during the night and
there passed his bed and attempted to
sleep. Two or three days later and he
became very sick, and for a time it
looked as though his story was soon to be
ended. Next he explored the Holy Lands
and Arabia, and then wandered through
India, parts of China and over Japan.
Although once wrecked upon the
Atlantic and lost upon the English
channel, yet he ventured over the Pacific
with five hundred Chinamen and some
days, and then on July 2 started across
the continent, many times when in the
deserts of Nevada traveling in the dis-
guise of a tramp. At this time he has
managed to send his paper weekly letters
and he has to make up the circulation.
He will remain in Colorado Springs a
few days and then start out over the
pains. During the past few months
he has been giving lectures wherever
he stopped to crowded houses.

His latest adventure was to climb to
the top of Pike's Peak after the recent
storm over the snow and ice. The as-
cent was made mostly upon his hands
and knees. John A. Botzum is the full
name of the young journalist and traveler,
and he is 27 years of age. All that he
carries with him is a cane, some station-
ery and the best of credentials from
leading newspapers. Until recently he
carried a moccasins out upon the sudden
death of his dog he discarded his moccasins.

Mr. Botzum gives a most interesting
talk and if there are any of the churches
or other societies who wish to secure a
novel entertainment in the way of a lecture
it might be well to see him. He
proposes to give some free talks to the
school children at last.

A Fine Exhibition.

The Denver Art League have just se-
cured a very valuable and interesting
collection of paintings by Walter Mc-
Ewen, one of our leading American ar-
tists who has resided for the past many
years in Paris. There are twenty-six in
all, the largest two being something like
6x9 feet, embracing some figure and
landscape subjects, chiefly Dutch in
character.

Mr. McEwen has for many years spent
much of his time in Holland, painting
from nature the things he much ad-
mires. This collection will remain in
the rooms of the Denver Art League, in
the California Building, for a short time,
possibly three or four weeks. This op-
portunity to see the exhibition of so
many works by a prominent painter
should not be lost. Mr. McEwen is a
native of Chicago, and has, in the
past years, won many distinctions
in foreign countries of
which any American could well
be proud; among others, medals from
the salon, the chief medal in the inter-
national exhibition of Berlin last year,
also a medal in London, besides nume-
rous other honors. It has been the ex-
pressed wish of a few citizens that this
exhibition might be secured in the
Springs for a fortnight, in case proper
effort were made to form a committee
who would be responsible for the care
of the pictures while here and in trans-
it. It is an opportunity seldom to be
obtained at this great distance from art
centers. It is to be hoped that our
people who are known for their culture and
interest in art matters will take im-
mediate action to see if this can be
accomplished.

It is thought an arrangement can
readily be made with the Denver Art
League people to aid in securing the
pictures, as well as other future exhibi-
tions, and the importance of doing this
cannot be overestimated.

Ranch Property Destroyed.

The ranch buildings of F. W. Emen-
way, about four miles south of the city,
were destroyed by fire at an early hour
the other morning. The large barn,
four head of horses, twenty pigs, sixty-
five tons of hay, two wagons and farm-
ing implements were consumed. The
fire was of incendiary origin having been
set, it is thought, by tramps. The loss
to Mr. Emenway will aggregate about
\$2,500 with no insurance. The barn was
owned by Mr. Frank C. Wood, who had
no insurance.

A nearly the same hour a large hay
stack at Beaver ranch, adjoining the
other on the north and owned by Mr.
Wood, was set afire. It is believed to
have been the work of the same men
who applied the torch to Mr. Emen-
way's property.

Mr. Emenway was unable to save
any of his stock. When the neighbors
arrived the time had passed for saving
the barn and they were obliged to stand
by and watch it burn. The house fortu-
nately was situated at a considerable
distance from the barn, and so was
saved.

Emery P. Moon of El Paso furnishes
the following weather report for the
week ending Oct. 19, 1892: Highest tem-
perature, 68° on the 15th; lowest tem-
perature, 2° on the 18th; weekly
mean temperature, 32.2°. Direction of
the wind, north three days, south four
days.

Mrs. Francis J. Barnes of New York
national superintendent of 30,000 tem-
perature young ladies known as "Ys"
is visiting Mrs. J. P. SeCombe. Mrs.
Barnes addressed an interested company
of young ladies on the work of the "Ys"
at the First Presbyterian church yester-
day afternoon. She gave a very deli-
cious address coupled with many hints up-
on the work which these young women
are now doing.

